



T O
Sir Godfrey Kneller,
On his PICTURE of the
K I N G.

By MR. ADDISON.

✻✻✻ NELLER — with Silence and Surprise,
✻ K ✻ We see BRITANIA'S Monarch rise,
✻✻✻ A God-like Form by Thee display'd,
In all the Force of Light and Shade,
And aw'd by Thy delusive Hand,
As in the *Presence Chamber* stand.

The Magick of Thy Art calls forth
His secret Soul, and hidden Worth,
His Probity and Mildness shows,
His Care of Friends, and Scorn of Foes:

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In every Stroke, in every Line,
Does some exalted Virtue shine ;
And ALBION's Happiness we trace,
Through all the Features of His Face.

O! may I live to hail the Day,
When the glad NATIONS shall survey
Their SOVEREIGN, through his wide Command
Passing in Progress o'er the Land?
Each Heart shall bend, and every Voice
In loud applauding Shouts rejoice,
Whilst all His gracious Aspect praise,
And Crowds grow loyal as they gaze.



This IMAGE on the Medal plac'd,
With its bright Round of Titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on BRITISH Coins shall live,
To richest Oars the Value give:
Or wrought within the curious Mold,
Shape and adorn the running Gold:
To bear this Form the genial Sun,
Has daily since his Course begun,
Rejoyc'd the Metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* Mine.

Thou KNELLER long with noble Pride
The foremost of thy Art hast vy'd,
With Nature in a generous Strife,
And touch'd the Canvas into Life:

Thy

1 3 1
Thy Pencil has by Monarchs fought,
From Reign to Reign in *Ermine* wrought ;
And in their Robes of State array'd
The KINGS of half an Age display'd.

Here swarthy CHARLES appears, and there
His Brother with dejected Air :
Triumphant NASSAU too we find,
And with him bright MARIA join'd :
There ANNA Great, as when she sent,
Her Armies thro' the Continent,
Er'e yet her Hero was disgrac'd,
O ! may fam'd BRUNSWICK be the last,
(Tho Heav'n shou'd with my Wish agree,
And long preserve this Art in Thee)
The Last, the Happiest BRITISH King,
Whom Thou shalt Paint, or I shall Sing.

Wise PHIDIAS thus his Skill to prove,
Thro' many a God advanc'd to JOVE,
And taught the polish'd Rocks to shine
With Airs and Lineaments Divine,
Till *Greece* amaz'd, and half affrai'd
Th' assembled DEITIES survey'd.

Great PAN, who wont to Chase the Fair,
And lov'd the spreading Oak, was there :
Old SATURN too with upcast Eyes,
Beheld his abdicated Skies ;

And

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And mighty MARS for War renown'd,
In adamantin Armour frown'd :
By him the Childless Goddess rose,
MINERVA studious to compose,
Her twisted Threads, the Web she strung,
And o'er a Loom of Marble hung.

THETIS the troubled Ocean's Queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral Urn,
Her short liv'd darling Son to mourn.
The last was he whose Thunder flew,
The TITAN Host a Rebel Crew,
Who from an hundred Hills ally'd,
In impious Leagues their KING defy'd.

This wonder of the Sculpter's Hand
Produc'd, his Art was at a stand ;
For who wou'd hope new Fame to raise,
Or risque his well establish'd Praise ?
Who his high Genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carv'd a JOVE.

F I N I S.

